

# Weekly Museum.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XV—NO. 28.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1803.

WHOLE NO. 767

## THE ABBEY OF CLUNEDALE,

A TALE.—concluded.

YOU may probably recollect, about a twelve-month ago, my obtaining leave of the Earl of Chester to visit England; I came, my friend, on a fatal errand. I learnt, through the mediation of an officious relation, that my wife, my beloved Matilda, of whose affection and accomplishments you have frequently heard me speak with pride, had attached herself to a young man who resided in the neighborhood of my estate at Clunedale, but that she had lately removed for the summer months to a small house and farm I possess, within a mile or two of this abbey, and that here she had continued to receive the attentions of a young stranger. Fired by representations as these, and racked with cruel jealousy, I returned to England in disguise, and found the subject of my relation the theme of common conversation in the county. It was on the evening of a fine summer's day, that I reached the hamlet of Clunedale, and with a trembling hand and palpitating heart, knocked at my own door. The servant informed me that Matilda had withdrawn to the abbey. I immediately took the same way, the sun had set, and the gray tints of evening had wrapt every object in uniform repose, the moon however was rising, and in a short time filled parts of the ruin and its neighboring trees. I placed myself in the shadow of one of the buttresses, and had not waited long ere Matilda, my beautiful Matilda, appeared, leaning on the arm of the stranger. You may conceive the extreme agitation of my soul at a spectacle like this: unappetite, revenge was, at the instant, the predominating emotion, and rushing forward with my sword, I called upon the villain, as I then thought him, to defend himself.—Shocked by the suddenness of the attack, and the wild impetuosity of my manner, Matilda fell insensible on the earth, and only recovered recollection at the moment when my sword had pierced the bosom of the stranger, whose guard I had broken in the first fury of the assault. With shrieks of agony and despair she sprang toward the murdered youth, and falling on his body, exclaimed, "My brother, my dear brother!"

"Had all nature fallen in dissolution around me, my astonishment and horror could not have been greater than what I felt from these words. The very marrow froze in my bones, and I stood fixed to the ground an image of despair and guilt. I saw the life blood of the unhappy Walsingham ebb'd fast away, and he expired at my feet, and in the arms of his beloved sister, who, at this instant, perhaps fortunately for us both, relapsed into a state of insensibility. My own emotions, recovering from the stupor into which I had been thrown, were those I believe of frenzy, nor did I now dwell upon them with safety, nor without a partial dereliction of intellect. Suffice it to say, that I had sufficient presence of mind left to apply for assistance at the nearest cottage, and that the hapless victims of my folly were at length conveyed to the habitation of Matilda. Another dreadful scene awaited her, the recognition of her husband as the murderer of her brother;—this, through the attention of my friends, for I myself was incapable of acting with rationality, was for

some time postponed; it came, at length, however, through the agonies of my remorse and contrition, to her knowledge, and two months have scarce elapsed since I placed her by the side of her poor brother, who, at the fatal moment of our rencounter, had not been many months returned from the Indies, and was in person a perfect stranger to your friend. Beneath that marble slab they rest, my Courtenay, and ere this, I believe, and through the medium of my own lawless hand, I should have partaken of their grave, had not my beloved sister, my amiable and gentle Caroline, stepped in, like an angel, between her brother and destruction.

"Singular as it may appear, the greatest satisfaction I now receive, is from frequent visits to the tomb of Matilda and her brother; there, over the reliques of those I have injured, to implore the mercy of an offended Deity; such however, are the agonies I suffer from the recollection of my crime, that even this resource would be denied me, were it not for the intervention of the powers of music: Partial I have ever been to this enchanting art, and I am indebted to it for the mitigation and repression of feelings, that would otherwise exhaust my shattered frame. You have witnessed the severe struggles of remorse, which at times agitate this afflicted heart; you have likewise seen the soothing and salutary effects of harmony. My Caroline's voice and harp have thus repeatedly lulled to repose the fever of a wounded spirit, the workings nearly of despair. A state of mind friendly to devotion, and no longer at war with itself, is usually the effect of sweet and pathetic strains; it is then I think myself forgiven; it is then I seem to hear the gentle accents of my Matilda, in concert with the heavenly tones; they whisper of eternal peace, and sensations of unutterable pleasure steal through every nerve.

"When such is the result, when peace and piety are the offspring of the act, you will not wonder at my visits to this melancholy ruin; soon as the shades of evening have spread their friendly covert, twice a week we hasten hither from our cottage, a scene, similar to what you have been spectator of to-night, takes place, and we retire to rest in the little rooms which we have rendered habitable in the dormitory. In the morning, very early, we quit the house of penitence and prayer, and such is the dread which the occasional glimmerings of light, and the sounds of distant music have given birth to in the country, that none but our servant, who is faithful to the secret, dare approach near the place; we have consequently hitherto, save by yourself, remained undiscovered, and even unsuspected.

"Such, my friend, is the history of my crimes and sufferings, and such the causes of the phenomena you have beheld to-night—but see, Courtenay, my lovely Caroline, she to whom, under heaven, I am indebted for any portion of tranquility I yet enjoy, is approaching to meet us. I can discern her by the whiteness of her robes, gliding down yon distant aisle."

Caroline had become apprehensive for her brother, and had stolen from the dormitory, with a view of checking a conversation, which she was afraid would prove too affecting for his spirits. Edward beheld her as she drew near, rather as a

being from the blest, the messenger of peace and virtue, than as partaking of the frailties of humanity. If the beauties of her person had before interested him in her favor, her conduct toward the unhappy Clifford had given him the fullest conviction of the purity and goodness of her heart, of the strength and energy of her mind, and from this moment he determined, if possible, to secure an interest in a bosom so fraught with all that could exalt and decorate the lot of life.

He was compelled, however, though reluctantly, to take leave of his friends for the night, and hasten to remove the extreme alarm into which his servants had been thrown by his unexpected detention. They had approached, as near as their fears would permit them, to the abbey, for to enter its precincts was a deed they thought too daring for man, and had there exerted all their strength, though in vain, in repeatedly calling him by his name. It was therefore with a joy, little short of madness, they again beheld their master, who as soon as these symptoms of rapture had subsided, had great difficulty in repressing their curiosity, which was on full stretch for information from another world.

It may here perhaps be necessary to add, that time, and the soothing attentions of his beloved sister, restored at length to perfect peace, and to the almost certain hope of pardon from the Deity, the hitherto agitated mind of Clifford.—I can add also, that time saw the union of Caroline and Edward, and that with them, at the hospitable mansion of the Courtenays, Clifford passed the remainder of his days.

## WHAT IS BEAUTY?

THE venerable Kaliph Mahmoud Raif, before his spirit was received by the Angel of death concluded his farewell address to his beloved son with the following injunction—"Ismael" said he, "take but one wife to thy bosom, but be careful that she is perfectly beautiful; if thou dost mistrust thy own judgment, seek the opinion of the sages of different countries, for wisdom is not confined within the narrow bounds of individual capacity." The weeping youth bended his body to the earth in token of his obedience, and the countenance of his aged parent was decked with the sweet smile of contentment, as his soul fled from its perishing habitation.

The youthful Ismael had long cherished the glowing passion of love for the virgin Zelma; virtue had shed its benign influence in her heart, but nature had formed her person in an angry mood, and rendered it a singular contrast to the beauties that graced her mind.

The words of the expiring Kaliph, however, remained indelibly fixed in the mind of his dutiful child, who resolved implicitly to obey his father's commands, although his attachment to Zelma was the source of many an involuntary sigh; but filial obedience triumphed over love, and he proceeded to the Khan, or Inn, in which the various inhabitants of the earth were assembled.

Ismael had scarcely made known the occasion of his visit, when the guests displayed to him the different ideas of beauty, entertained by their respective countries, and eagerly advised him to be

guided by them in the choice of a bride. An Arab of the desert lavished encomiums on the women of his nation for blackening the edge of their eye-lids, which, he affirmed, rendered them complete beauties; a native of the Ladrone Islands, said that beauty consisted in black teeth and white hair; an inhabitant of the Cumana, admired thin cheeks, a long visage, and extremely large eyes; a Chinese preferred small crippled feet; a Turk, corpulence and large black eyes; a Greenlander the custom of painting the face blue or yellow; a Muscovite declared that a woman whose features were not loaded with paint, was perfectly hideous; and an Englishman allowed that the females of his country had adopted the opinion of the Muscovites!

Others of the company were preparing to offer their opinions, when an holy Dervish, with modest accent, addressed the Kaligh:—"Mighty prince!" said he, "the most humble of your slaves wishes to lay his lowly mite of advice at your feet."—"Proceed, holy Dervish," replied Ismael. The venerable sage rejoined, "I have diligently studied the divine language of the Goni, and my endeavors have been crowned with success; this sacred volume contains the fruits of my toil; in this your wishes will be gratified."—"The judge of the faithful eagerly seized the precious gift, and found written, in letters of gold--

"IN VIRTUE ALONE IS PERFECT BEAUTY."

#### THE DISCONSOLATE WIDOW!

A HINDOO ANECDOTE.

NEAR the city of Smyrna, a Bramin lately died, and left a wife behind him:

In countries subject to the authority and government of the Mahomedans, the custom of women committing themselves to the funeral pile with the bodies of their deceased husbands, is, if not abolished, at least under very great restrictions; as it is not allowed to be practised but by express permission.

The widow of the Bramin therefore, waited in person on the governor of the city, and in a most pathetic manner implored his permission for the high honor of burning with the body of her deceased husband, which the governor peremptorily refused to grant her. Nothing discouraged thereby, she continued her intreaties, prostrating herself on the ground before him, and mingled her tears with the dust.

All intreaties were in vain: the governor remained inflexible. Rage and despair then filled the breast of the beautiful victim, and they broke out in these, and such like exclamations. "Ah miserable me! why was my mother burnt! my aunt! my two sisters!—ah miserable me! why am I alone refused the honors of my sex?"

A priest, or Bonze, of the same cast of Hindoos, happened to be present at this interesting scene, he gazed ardently on the young woman; and now and then turning his eyes towards the governor, silently reproached him for refusing the prayer of the widow's petition. When the governor took notice of the priest, he exclaimed, "Wretch, is it you who have administered intoxicating herbs, to excite phrenzy—is it owing to your pernicious doctrines, that a custom so shocking to humanity is still in practice? go, depart hence and be no more seen."

The bonze undaunted stood his ground—he assured the governor that he had never spoken to the woman before him; yet confessed he had prepared many others to undergo the same sacrifice; that it was an act agreeable to their god Brahma; and for this reason he begged the governor in the most respectful manner, to grant his consent; on which the widow redoubled her tears, prayers, and intreaties. The bonze, thus encouraged to go on, added, "sir, great, great will be her reward, great her recompense for in the other world! there she will be rejoined to her husband, by a sacred marriage, and live with him to all eternity."

The widow's fine black eyes instantly received new lustre. She darted a piercing look at the bonze, expressive of satisfaction, mingled with a portion of terror. "What," exclaimed she, "shall I indeed find my husband in heaven?—how have I been deceived by two old bonzes? they never told me this! They knew my husband well. They knew too how he treated me! Then sir," turning round to the governor, "since the god Brahma will re-unite me to my husband, I renounce him and his religion forever, and embrace yours." Then looking at the bonze, "you may if you please, when you see my husband, tell him what I have done, and say, that I hope to find myself extremely well without him—for he was an old cross wretch, stupid, jealous, and offensive."

#### ANECDOTE.

A middle aged man lately presented himself at the matrimonial altar. The clergyman having surveyed him for a moment, said, "Pray, friend, I think you have a wife already living?" "It may be so, (returned the other) for I have a very treacherous memory."

#### For the New-York WEEKLY MUSEUM. ON MISS G\*\*\*\*\*, REMOVING FROM TOWN.

WHAT child of nature is not born to care!—  
'Tis mine my DELIA's absence to deplore,  
The painful gloom of solitude to bear,  
The thought, that I may never see her more.

Shall I recall, my love, the moments past,  
And bring your angel-image to my view?  
Yes! fancy shall indulge the sweet repast,  
And banish every thought but that of you.

To beauty still I'll own myself a slave,  
And anxious waiting for that wish'd return,  
I'll fondly boast the magic wound you gave,  
Nor think, enthral'd by you, I've cause to mourn.

LEANDER.

#### EVENING.

THE deep'ning shades o'erspread the golden west,  
The gathering clouds sweep on before the breeze  
Rude Labor leave his weary form to rest,  
And sea-like murmurs found among the trees.

The moping owl sails by on silent wing,  
The downy moth pursues his dusky way,  
Light-crested gnats their busy carols sing,  
And closing flowers mourn departing day.

Soft dews descending bathe the thirsty ground,  
A mingled fragrance cheers the passive night;  
Dim rising vapors slowly roll around,  
And wand'ring glow-worms shed their emerald light.

Now breathe the high romantic love-lorn tale,  
And mix ideal scenes of fairy bliss;  
Let airy harps from ev'ry passing gale  
Steal heav'nly notes with soft enchanting kiss.

The mingled charm shall cheat my ardent soul;  
And, gleaming thro' the dim fantastic light,  
Bright shadowy forms around my head shall roll,  
And golden visions bless my ravish'd sight.

MISS AKIN.

#### VERSES,

BY THE LATE MRS. ROBINSON.

HEAVEN knows I never would repine  
Though Fortune's fiercest frowns were mine—  
If Fate would grant that o'er my tomb  
One little Laurel wreath might bloom,  
And Memory sometimes wander near  
To bid it live—and drop a tear!  
I never would for all the show  
That tinsel splendor can bestow,  
Or waste a thought, or heave a sigh,  
For well I know 'tis pageantry!  
Soon fading, in the grave 'tis o'er!  
A pleasing phantom—seen no more.

I ask not worldly pow'r, to rule  
The dropping child of MIS'RY'S school—  
To tyrannize o'er him whom fate  
Has destin'd to a lowly slave,  
To me would prove a source of woe,  
More keen than such a wretch could know.  
Oh! did the little great endure  
The pangs they seldom stoop to cure;  
Could pamper'd LUXURY then find  
The charm to soothe the wounded mind;  
The selfish, proudest, would confess  
The sweetest power—the pow'r to bless.  
Give me the senseless mind, that knows  
The vast extent of human woes;  
And then fair INDEPENDENCE, grant  
The means to cheer the child of want;  
Though small the pittance mine should be  
The boundless joy of Sympathy!  
But though ungentle FORTUNE flies,  
And envious Fate her smile denies,  
My heart will never cease to feel  
The wounds it vainly hopes to heal;  
Then, Fate, to prove thy rage is o'er,  
Ah, let me DIE—AND FEEL NO MORE!

#### EPITAPH FROM THE GREEK.

BY COWPER.

MY name! my country! what are they to thee?  
What, whether base or proud my pedigree?  
Perhaps I far surpass'd all other men,  
Perhaps I fell below them all—what then?  
Suffice it, stranger, that thou see'st a tomb:  
Thou know'st its use, it hides—no matter whom!

#### For the New-York WEEKLY MUSEUM.

#### EDICT AGAINST DUELS.

[Copied from an ancient record.]

Pharamond, King of the Gauls, to all his loving subjects  
sendeth greeting:

WHEREAS it has come to our royal notice and observation, that in contempt of all laws divine and human it has of late become a custom among the nobility and gentry of this our kingdom, upon slight and trivial, as well as great and urgent provocations, to invite each other to the field, and there by their own hands and of their own authority, to decide their controversies by combat; we have thought fit to take the said custom into our royal consideration, and find, upon inquiry into the usual cause whereon such fatal decisions have arisen, that by this wicked custom, manag'd all the precepts of our holy religion and the rules of right reason, the greatest act of the human mind, forgiveness of injuries, is become vile and shameful; that the rules of good society and virtuous conversation are hereby inverted; that the loose, the vain and the impudent, insult the careful, the discreet and the modest; that all virtue is suppressed, and all vice supported, in the one act of being capable to dare to the death. We have also further, with great sorrow of mind, observed that this dreadful action, by long impunity, (our royal attention being employed upon matters of more general concern) is become honorable, and the refusal to engage is ignominious. In these our royal cares and enquiries we are yet farther made to understand, that the persons of eminent worth, and most hopeful abilities, accompanied with the strongest passion for true glory, are such as are most liable to be involved in the dangers arising from this licence. Now taking the said premises into our serious consideration, and well weighing that all such emergence (wherein the mind is incapable of commanding itself, where the injury is too sudden or too exquisite to be borne are particularly provided for by laws heretofore enacted, and that the qualities of less injuries, like those of ignominy, are too nice and delicate to come under general rules; we do resolve to blot this fashion or wantonness of anger, out of the minds of our subjects, by our royal resolution declared in this edict as follows:

No person who either sends or accepts a challenge, the posterity of either, though no death ensues thereupon, shall be, after the publication of this our edict, capable bearing office in these our dominions.

The person who shall prove the sending or receiving challenge, shall receive to his own use and property, a whole personal estate of both parties; and their real estate shall be immediately vested in the next heir of the offenders in as ample manner as if the said offenders were actually deceased.

In cases, where the laws, which we have already granted to our subjects admit of an appeal for blood; when a criminal is condemned, by the said appeal, he shall not suffer death, but his whole estate, real, mixed and personal, shall from the hour of his death be vested in the next heir of the person whose blood he spilt.

That it shall not hereafter be in our royal power, that of our successors, to pardon the said offences, or release the offenders in their estates, honor, or blood forever.

Given at our court at Blois, the 28th of February, in the second year of our reign.

#### THE SURLY DRIVER.

THE stage waggon that ran between Richmond and Hampton, in Virginia, was driven some time since, by a surly rude fellow. A gentleman who had taken a place in it, being engaged writing a letter at the usual time of stopping out, requested a few minutes delay, but in vain. Whop was inexorable; he insisted upon setting off, adding by way of reproach, he was sure no gentleman would leave his letter unfinished, and the driver set off at speed. When they had ran about half a mile, the gentleman's hat falling off, he hopped to pick it up. The driver seized the reins and drove away, leaving the boots behind, who humbly requested the new waggon stop. This was refused, with a sneer, and a remark, "no gentleman" would ask him to stay a moment. The whip was then with out remedy, and obliged to trot on foot to Hampton, a comfortable walk of nearly two miles.

#### REMARK.

I have often remarked, says a facetious novelist, giddy thoughtless people, though they are forever in fire, are never burnt; while your prudent, well-meaning folks are constantly getting into some cursed scrape or other.



## REBUS.

ADDRESSED TO "CURIOSITAS."

THE noblest object in the works of art;  
The brightest scene that nature can impart;  
The well-known signal in the time of peace;  
The point essential in a tenant's lease;  
The farmer's comfort when he holds the plough;  
The soldier's duty and the lover's vow;  
A contract made before the nuptial tie;  
A blessing riches never can supply;  
A spot that adds new charms to pretty faces;  
An engine used in fundamental cases;  
A planet seen between the earth and sun;  
A prize which merit never yet has won;  
A loss which prudence never can retrieve;  
The death of Judas and the crime of Eve;  
A part between the uncle and the knee;  
A patriot's toast, and a physician's fee;  
A wife's ambition, and a parson's dues;  
A miser's idol, and the badge of Jews.  
If now your happy genius can divine  
The correspondent words to every line,  
By the first letters will be plainly found  
An ancient city which is much renowned.

CAMERO BRITANNICUS.

## NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, July 9, 1803.

## OFFICIAL.

The Executive has received official information that a treaty was signed on the 30th of April, between the Minister Plenipotentiary and Extraordinary of the United States and the Minister Plenipotentiary of the French Government, by which the United States have obtained the full right to and sovereignty over New-Orleans, and the whole of Louisiana, as Spain possessed the same.

## WAR IN EUROPE.

The long depending question is at length decided, the sword is unsheathed and the European world is involved in the horrors of war.

The contest that must follow it is to be expected will be both furious and long continued. The First Consul will be actuated by the consideration that he is engaged with the only nation from whose power he need form apprehension, with a nation that he has ever held in rivalry and envy, and also one by whom he is forced into hostilities at a disadvantageous moment.

The English will be fighting for national existence. The strides of Bonaparte they view with apprehension, and feel satisfied that their destruction or subjugation is among the darling projects of his ambition.

Malta it appears was the ostensible point of contention; but the whole progress of the negotiation, shews that the English had predetermined that war was the necessary result.

The ship Diana, Hunter, arrived at this port on Thursday, 28 days from Newry. Our London accounts by her date to the 2d May.

From the time War was declared between the two European powers, every possible exertion has been made by both to increase the means of annoyance and defence. The French ports are closely blockaded by the English cruisers, who have captured and sent into Plymouth and the Downs 22 merchant vessels, belonging to France and Batavia, one of them a valuable Indiaman. The army intended for Louisiana has been incorporated with the French troops in Holland, and augmented to 80,000 effective men, under the command of General Victor. Massena, it is said will have the command in Italy, Moreau in Germany, and MacDonald in Batavia.

The Court of Vienna has addressed a declaration to the English and French Ministers in that capital, stating that Imperial Majesty had decided to preserve the most strict neutrality in the event of hostilities between France and England. The Emperor of Russia has professed the same sentiments, and has offered to interpose his powerful and pacific mediation to accommodate the differences which have arisen between the two nations.

It is of importance to mention that the English Government had given notice to Spain and Holland, that she would expect their neutrality, if they were willing and able to maintain it.

Unfavorable accounts are received from Petersburg, Vienna, which state, that at least half of the ensuing crops of wheat will be lost, from frost in most of the countries west of that town.

## ACCIDENTS.

On the 26th ult, John Balantine, a house carpenter, fell from the roof of a three story house in Fifth-street Philadelphia, and was killed instantly.

A fire at Fort Independence, near Boston, on the 28th ult, destroyed the laboratory with its contents of military apparatus, stores, tools, &c. it was occasioned by the accidental explosion of a rocket, which one of the artificers was making.

Two British frigates were cruising off the Island of Martinique about the middle of June; at which time three French transports with troops had arrived there, and measures were adopting for putting the island in a defence against invasion.

Longevity is so frequent in Norway, that a clergyman in a funeral oration to that country lately, lamented the untimely death of a lady, at seventy-four years of age.

Died, on Stepney Causeway, in England on the 4th November last, Mrs. Deborah Godfrey, in the 80th year of her age. She was the widow of Benjamin Godfrey, late of Harris's court. Ratcliffe, a ship builder, and by him had 34 children all of whom lived to a state of maturity. They were of the society of Quakers; and what may appear extraordinary, the husband was twice read out of meeting, for divers acts of increasing and multiplying out of his own family to the amount of thirty illegitimate children, that were tworn to him. He was the Grand Sultan at Ratcliffe--and is supposed to be the father of 150 sons and daughters.

A most singular discovery was lately made at Depford. While a number of sailors and others were busily employed in unloading the cargo of the Admiral Apin, an East-Indiaman, consisting of Sugar, Salt-petre, and some bale goods, they discovered in the hold of the ship, a green snake, of an amazing size, whose appearance was so terrific that it gave a general alarm it being well known that its bite was instant death. It was found necessary to procure weapons for its destruction, which they completed by tying a spade to the end of one of the oars of the boat, by which they caught it by the neck, and confined it till they severed the head from the body. It measured 15 feet long, and 18 inches in circumference. It is supposed that this animal, in the night time, found its way on board the ship while lying at Madras, by following the scent of the sugar. Its bite is always understood to be most venomous than that of a rattlesnake. (Lon. psp.)

## A MARRIED MAN.

THE felicity of a married man never stands still; it flows perpetual, and strengthens in its course. It is supplied from various channels, and depends more on others than himself. From participation proceed the most exquisite enjoyments of a married man.

By an union with the most gentle, the most polished, the most beautiful part of the creation, the mind of a married man is harmonized, and his manners softened! His soul is animated with the most tender and lively sensations. Love, gratitude, and universal benevolence, mix in all his ideas. His habitation is an earthly Heaven--his wife an angel, and his children seraphs. They approach him with joy, and he meets them in rapture.

Plenty, under the guardianship of economy, is seen smiling at his board; generosity is the porter of his mansion, and joy the president of his festivity! When death overtakes him, he is only translated from one Heaven to another; and his children, who close his eyes on earth, meet them open again in eternal happiness.

## ANECDOTE.

JARVIS and Sons, of London, have advertised IMPROVED COFFINS for the SECURITY of the dead. Their advertisement runs thus: "It must afford a great consolation, and a pleasing satisfaction to any gentleman or lady, to be certain that no one can steal their bones after they are dead; and they defy any one, who is PLEASED to be buried in one of their coffins, to be taken out by any means."

For sale at this Office, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

## TICKETS

Whole, in Halves, and Quarters,  
IN THE LOTTERY FOR ASSISTING THE SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF POOR WIDOWS WITH SMALL CHILDREN.

Tickets are now selling at Six Dollars and an half. In a few days they will rise to Seven Dollars.

## COURT OF HYMEN.

AS kindred elements with kindred join,  
So kindred souls with kindred should combine;  
Congenial minds alone true bliss can prove,  
And harmony alone the bliss of love.

## MARRIED.

At Gibraltar, on Thursday the 12th of May, Hugh GREENE Esq. to Miss ELIZA KUHN, daughter of Peter Kuhn, Esq. of Philadelphia.

At his planitior in St. Andrews Parish, (S. C.) by the Rev. Mr. Mills. Dr. JOSEPH CHOLEY, to Miss MARY BRUNE, widow of the late D. I. Brune, Esq. merchant, of New York.

On Tuesday evening last week, by the Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. WILLIAM HAWKINS Merchant, to Miss CATHARINE BYVANCE, both of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Hobart, Mr. MARTIN TOOKER, of the house of D. & M. Tooker, merchants, to Miss MARY RICHARDSON, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. M. Willis, Mr. GEORGE NESTOR, of Virginia, printer, to Miss MARIA BITTON, of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Morrell, Mr. THOMAS GARLAND, to Miss MARTHA LILLY, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Sirebeck, Mr. ELZER HATHAWAY, to Miss SUSANNAH GARRISON, both of this city.

MR. JOHN HARRISON,

SIR,

HAVING seen in your Weekly Museum of the 2d of July, the publication of a ceremony of marriage, as having been performed by me, between Mr. Francis Huguet, merchant, of New-York, and Miss Eliza Culture, of Springfield, New-Jersey, I beg you will immediately contradict the above, as no such ceremony was ever performed by me. GERSHAM WILLIAMS.

Springfield, (N. J.) July 4, 1803.

Present, John Gardiner.

The Marriage of Mr HUGUET was inserted upon the authority of a letter, signed "ROBERT BARD," dated "Springfield, June 26th, 1803." We are sorry to say it is a fabrication, designed to injure the feelings of two respectable families, and bring the Editor of the Weekly Museum into disrepute.

The city clerk reports, that during the week ending on the 2d inst 28 persons have died, of whom 8 were adults, 14 children, and 6 undistinguished.

## NOTICE

To persons who may wish to be accommodated with Books in the Country, from

H. CARITAT's Circulating Library,  
CITY HOTEL, BROAD-WAY, NEW YORK.

Which Library contains the largest collection of Books to be met with in any similar establishment throughout the United States.

In order to facilitate those Subscribers who live at places that have regular sloops coming to New-York, H. CARITAT will take upon himself to have their Books sent on board said vessels at New-York and taken back at their return by his servant, when a change of them will be wanted; for this service no extra-charge shall be made, but the expence of the freight will be supported by the Subscribers, who will receive and return their Books on board the sloops at the respective places they belong to.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Subscribers to pay at time of subscribing, eight dollars per year; four dollars seventy five cents for six months; two dollars seventy five cents a quarter, and one dollar a month; and be entitled to eight Books, which will be changed for others when returned, &c. &c.

N. B. Any order forwarded on this or any other subject, relative to the extensive assortment of Books which he has for sale, will be most thankfully received and particularly attended to.

## INDIA TAMBOUR'D MUSLINS.

RICHARD MULHERAN informs his friends and the public, that he has for sale No. 12 Peck-Slip, a large and general assortment of DRY GOODS, amongst which are,

India Mulmul Muslins Tamboured,

do. do.

do. do.

do. do.

Colored cambric do.

All of which he will sell cheap for cash.

May 24.

## COURT OF APOLLO.

### THE VIRGIN'S FIRST LOVE.

FROM MRS. OPIE.

YES,—sweet is the joy when our blushes impart  
The youthful affection that glows in the heart,  
If prudence, and duty, and reason approve  
The timid delight of the virgin's first love.

But if the fond virgin be destined to feel  
A passion she must in her bosom conceal,  
Let parents relentless the flame disapprove,—  
Where's then the delight of the virgin's first love?

If stolen the glance by which love is expressed,  
If sighs when half heaved be with terror suppressed,  
If whispers of passion suspicion must move,  
Where's then the delight of the virgin's first love?

Or if (ah! too faithful!) with fondness she fights  
For one who has ceased her affections to prize,  
Forgetting the vows by whose magic he strove  
To gain that rich treasure the virgin's first love.

If tempted by interest he ventures to show  
The gentle affection his tenderness won,  
Thro' passion's soft maze with another to rove,—  
Where's then the delight of the virgin's first love?

Her eye when the tale of his weakness she hears,  
Now beams with disdain, and now glitters with tears;  
Ah! who can the arrow thus rankling remove?  
Farewell the delight of the virgin's first love!

And see, sad compassion of mental distress,  
Disseal upon her in health's flattering dress,  
Ah! surely that bloom every fear should remove!  
Ah! no,—'tis the effect of the virgin's first love.

Still brighter the color appears on the cheek,  
Her eye boasts a lustre no language can speak;  
But vain are the hopes these appearances move,  
Fond parent! they spring from the virgin's first love.

And soon, while unconscious that fate hovers near,  
While hope's flattering smiles on her features appear,  
No struggle, no groan, his approaches to prove,  
Death ends the fond dream of the virgin's first love.

#### ANECDOTES.

THREE Clergymen, curates of three small parish churches in one neighborhood, happened to meet lately at a public ordinary; when after dinner, the subject turned on the irreligious opinions of some people, and the increasing infidelity of the present age. One said that UNITARIANISM had crept lately very much into his parish; a second complained sorely that his parishioners were infected with DEISM; while the latter, more than any, lamented that some of his were tainted with ATHEISM. A plain country rustic, sitting near, and having listened very attentively to these complaints, very innocently added—  
"You may be badly off in your parishes, but by the by, we're worse off in ours, for we're terribly troubled with ANEUMATISM."

A gentleman in distress, lately wrote the following letter to a friend:—"I am now reduced to a SINGLE penny—a SINGLE shirt—a SINGLE coat—a SINGLE glass of table beer—a SINGLE sheet to my bed—a SINGLE rap at the door even of an old acquaintance; and I have only one consolation that I am a SINGLE man, and that I have a SINGLE friend in you."—In these days, says our correspondent, this is not a SINGULAR case.

#### For the Use of the Fair Sex.

### THE GENUINE FRENCH ALMOND PASTE.

Superior to anything in the world, for cleaning, whitening and softening the skin, remarkably good for chapped hands, to which it gives a most exquisite delicacy—this article is so well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and sold by F. DUBOIS, perfumer, No. 81 William-street, New-York.

Likewise to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete assortment of every article in his line, such as, Pomatums of all sorts, common and scented Hair Powder, a variety of the best Soaps and Wash Balls, Essences and Scented Waters, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Roses, Aromatic Balm for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenough Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Vanilla Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Fricats, Perfume Cabinets, Razors and Razor Strops of the best kind, handsome Dressing Cases for Ladies and Gentlemen complete, Tortoise Shell and Ivory Combs, Swan-downs and Silk Puffs, Pinching and Curling Irons, &c.

June 28

## MORALIST.

FLEETING as the pleasures of time are, it is no proof of sagacity to reject them when they are innocent; and the consequences resulting from the enjoyment of them form no barrier to our future felicity. Religion was never designed to cloud the prospect of time and render us impatient, and furlly members of society; yet how often does it make its appearance under this mask! how often do we see the cheerful professor dash the present joys with bitterness, only because they are transient! Invested in the robe of solemnity, he seems to take a pleasure in throwing a gloom over the sunshine of life, and checking the excursions of fancy. Friendship and love are deemed but sweet poisons, to which fastidiousness and melancholy are prescribed as antidotes. All amusements are treated as inroads on the harmony of piety; and happiness, like an ill-used ghost, stalks offended away.

Were our organs tuned to enjoyment only to prove our torments? Are we placed where pleasures play around us, yet forbidden to enjoy them? Are terrestrial joys given only to tantalize us, and prove our greatest misfortune? Alas! how mortals deform both man and God. What a strange compound of inconsistencies, what an admirable piece of imperfection is man!

### N. SMITH,

Chemical perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Golden Rose, No. 114 Broadway, opposite the City-Hotel.

SMITH'S improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving,—with printed directions,—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dolls. per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.—do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 1s. 6d.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s.

His white almond Wash Ball, 2s. and 3s. each. Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. and 3s. Do. Vegetable.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps, and leaves them quite smooth, 1s. and 4s. per box.

His fine cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable.

Smith's Savonette Royal Pate, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chemical Dentifrice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences, with every article necessary for the toilet, warranted.

Smith's Chemical Blacking Cakes, for making Shining Liquid Blacking—Almond Powder for the Skin, 5s. lb.

Smith's Castilla Oil, for glossing and keeping the hair in curl. His Perfumed Alpine Shaving Cake, made on a chemical principle, to help the operation of shaving.

Smith's celebrated Coin Plaster, 3s. per box.

The best warranted Concave Razors, elastic Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen Knives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory and Horn Combs, Superfine white Sarch, Smelling bottles, &c. &c. Ladies and gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is no small advantage with imported perfumery. Great allowance to those who sell again. July 2.

#### STOLEN.

A large pointed Bed-Quilt with stars intermixed, and a globe in the centre; a set of white muslin Window-Curtains fringed, and in the newest fashion; a black Satin Cloak, and sundry other articles not remembered. Any information respecting the above articles, left with the Printer will be duly rewarded.

### Mrs. WATSON,

Has removed from No. 114 Broadway, to No. 18 Day Street, where she has on hand a large assortment of ready-made linen of every description, consisting of Shirts, Sheets, Cravats, elegant embroidered Shirts and Spencers, Ladies' Shirt Handkerchiefs embroidered, Childbed linen, &c.

#### WANTS A SITUATION,

In a Dry Good Store, a young man who has been regularly brought up to the business, and who can produce the best recommendations. Enquire of the printer.

## Gardner's Genuine Beautifying Lotion

Is acknowledged by many of the most eminent of the faculty to be infinitely superior to any other Lotion that has been used, for smoothing and brightening the skin, giving animation to beauty, and taking off the appearance of old age and decay. It is particularly recommended as an excellent restorative for removing and entirely eradicating the destructive effects of Rouge, Camomile, &c. Those who through inadvertency make too free use of those artificial heighteners of the bloom, will experience the most happy effects from using GARDNER'S LOTION, as it will restore the skin to its pristine beauty and even increase its lustre. It expeditiously and effectually clears the skin from every description of blotches, pimples, ringworms, itching and prickly heat. A continued series of the most satisfactory experience has fully proved its super-excellent powers in removing freckles, tan, sun-burns, redness of the neck and arms, &c. and restoring the skin to its wonted purity. In short, it is the only cosmetic a lady can use in her toilet with ease and safety, or that a gentleman can have recourse to, when shaving has become a troublesome operation by reason of eruptive humors on the face. Prepared and sold only by William Gardner, Perfumer, Newark, and by appointment, at Dr. Clark's Medical Store, No. 159 Broadway, at Mr. John Cauchon's Jewellery Store, No. 196 do. at Mr. Harrison's Book Store, Peck Slip, New-York,—also at Mr. J. Hopkins' No. 65 South Third Street, Philadelphia. Price—pints 1 dol. 25 cents, half pints 75 cents. If—361

## Dr. Church's Genuine Vegetable Lotion

is an effectual cure for

### ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND SKIN,

Particularly Pimples, Blotches, Tetter, Ringworms, Freckles, Sun-burns, Shingles, Redness of the Neck or Arms, and Prickly Heat, Scorbatic and various Eruptions of every description.

This Vegetable Lotion is invented by Dr. Church, administered by him for several years in Europe and America with the most unparalleled success. By the application of this fluid night and morning, or occasionally twice a day, it will remove the most rancorous and alarming scurf in the face. It is perfectly safe, yet powerful, and possesses all the good qualities of the most celebrated Cosmetics, without any of their doubtful and sometimes dangerous effects. The proprietor, therefore, recommends it with confidence as a necessary and almost indispensable appendage to the toilet, in lieu of the common trash.

### CREAM DRAWN FROM VIOLETS AND MILK FROM ROSES!!!

A rough, uneven skin its shining appearance, and low and sickly paleness, are by this Lotion effectually removed. In the Shingles and Prickly Heat it is infallible. A small bottle, at 75 cents, will be found sufficient to prove its value.—Price, half pints, 75 cents.—Pints, Dollar 25 cents. July 2 1853

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

This day is published by G. & R. WAITE, Printers, Bookellers, Stationers and Patent Medicine Vendors, No. 64 Maiden-lane, (price 75 cents) handsomely bound in red, for the pocket.

THE FRUGAL HOUSEWIFE, or COMPLETE MAN COOK; wherein the art of dressing all sorts of victuals is explained in upwards of five hundred approved receipts.

Also, The method of making English and American WINES, To which is added,

An Appendix containing many new and useful receipts, adapted to the American mode of Cooking.

Also this day is published, By G. & R. WAITE (price 75 cents) handsomely bound in red,

### THE UNIVERSAL LETTER WRITER;

Or, New Art of Polite Correspondence;

Containing a course of interesting letters on the most important, instructive, and entertaining subjects, which may serve as copies for imitating letters on the various concerns in life. May 14

#### JUST RECEIVED,

And for sale by T. H. BURNTON, No. 116 Broadway, opposite the City-Hotel, elegant hot pressed embossed letter paper with fancy colored borders. Superfine pressed letter paper plain and gilt, visiting cards, plain gilt; drawing paper of all sizes; drawing books, water colors, India ink, crayon and camels hair pencils, warranted lead pencils, bank note cases, Ladies' pocket books and thread cases, warranted scissors, &c. every article in the stationery line, on the most reasonable terms. May 14

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